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SHOWCASE

APR.
NO. 43APPROVED
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AUTHORITY

presents

DOCTOR NO

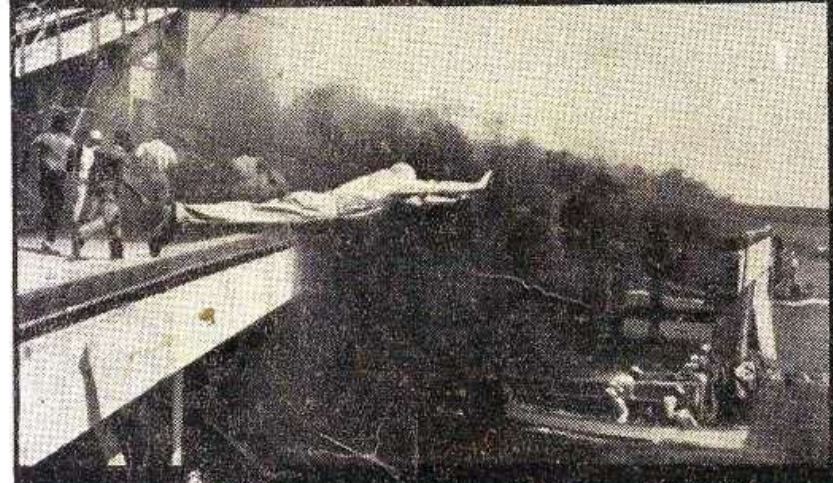
by IAN
FLEMING

ANOTHER MOMENT, *DOCTOR NO*,
AND I'LL JAM YOUR SIGNALS
THAT WOULD'VE MADE THE AMERICAN
ROCKET GO WILD!

BUT YOU
HAVEN'T
ANOTHER
MOMENT,
BOND. THIS
IS YOUR
LAST!

BASED ON
THE NOVEL
AND NOW A
UNITED
ARTISTS
FILM
THRILLER!

ACTION-PACKED HIGHLIGHTS from the picture, starring
Joseph Wiseman as the notorious **DOCTOR NO.**,
Sean Connery as the super secret service sleuth JAMES BOND,
and Ursula Andress as HONEY.

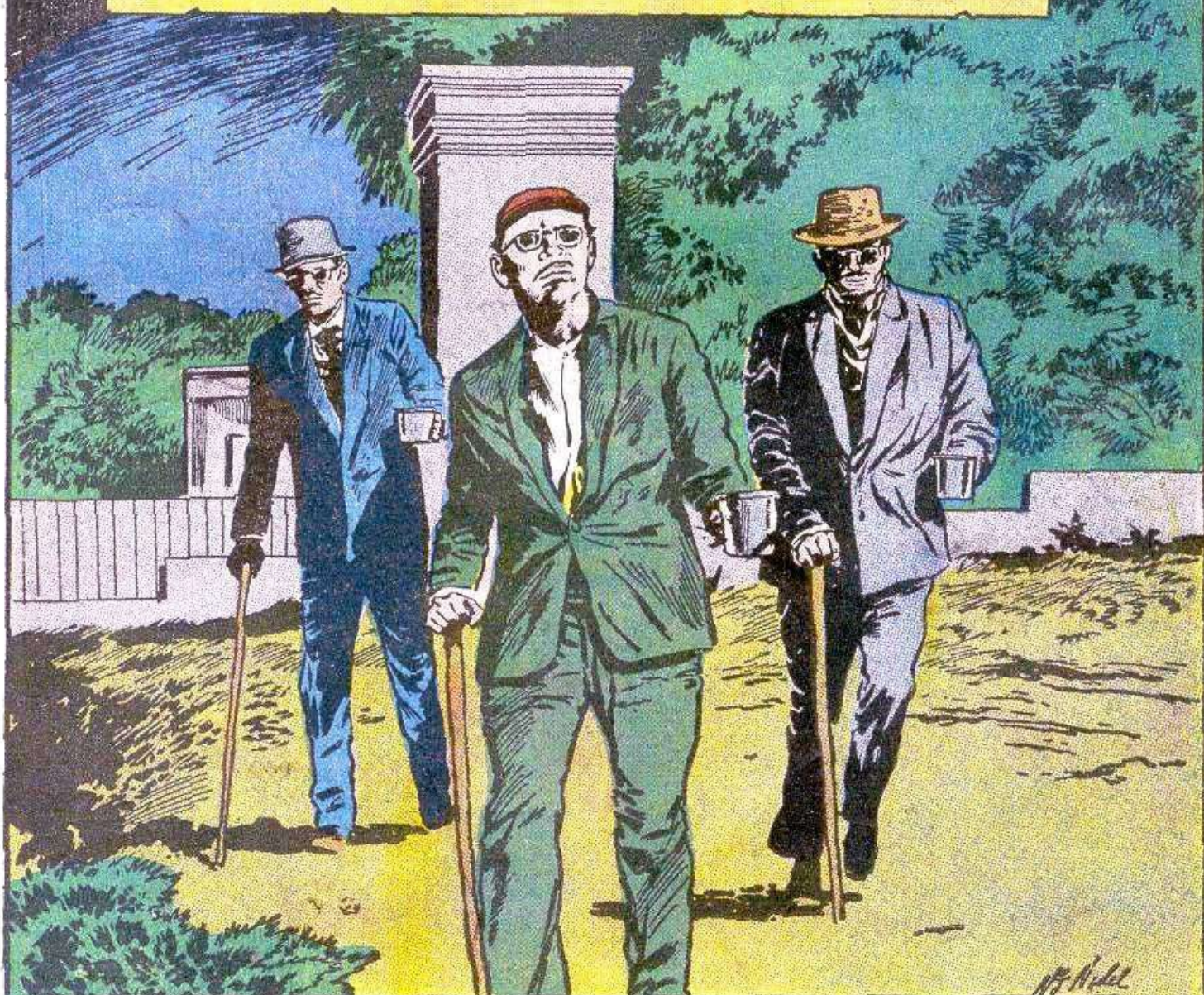


SHOWCASE

presents

DOCTOR NO

In Kingston, Jamaica, one evening, people along fashionable Richmond Street were treated to a strange sight. Three blind beggars were walking up the road toward the Queen's Club, meeting place of Jamaica's wealthiest men.



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Inside the Queen's Club, John Strangways, an agent of the British Secret Service, was playing cards with some friends.

Afraid I must leave you for a few minutes. Order a round of drinks on me, will you, Professor.

Must you break off at this time every evening?

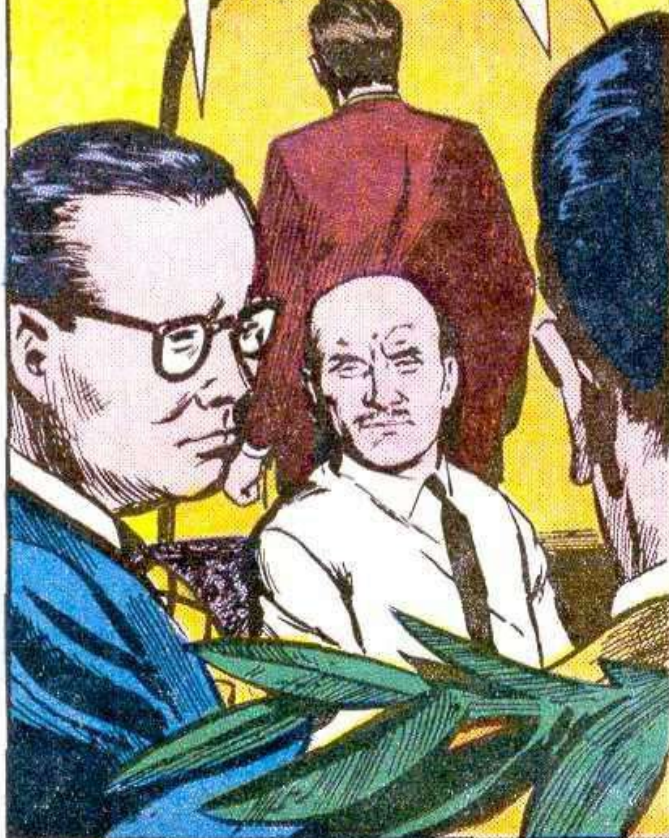


Sorry, Potter. My managing director has a call booked through to me every evening at this time.

What *is* his company, anyway?

He's the Caribbean agent for Universal Exports.

Universal Exports? Never heard of them.



Strangways hardly noticed the three beggars as he walked to his car.

Thank you, sir!



Then . . .



The next instant, an old motor hearse came speeding around the corner.



Hurry it up, boys!



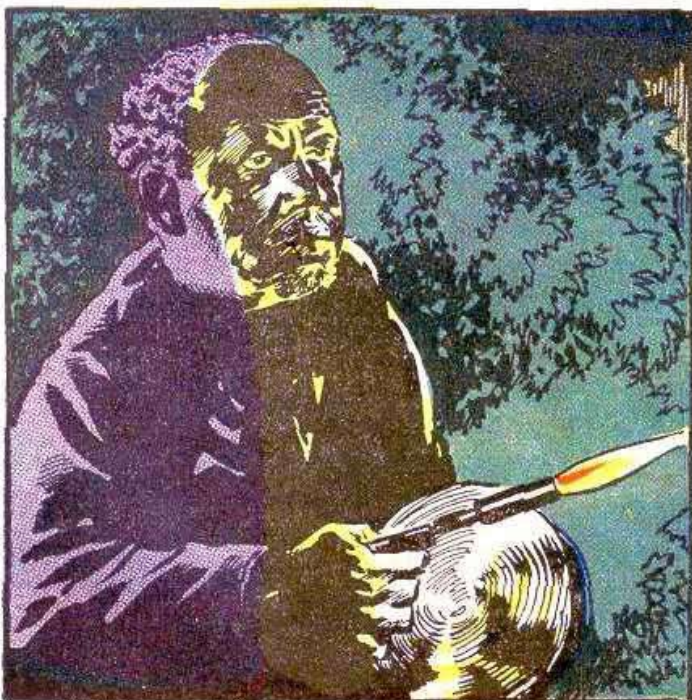
Meanwhile, at Strangways' home, Mary Prescott, his secretary, was preparing for the nightly radio message to the Secret Service in London.

WXN . . . WXN . . . WXN calling WWW. How do you hear me? Over.

Mary heard a car pull up outside. She thought it was Strangways, coming home for his message.

WXN to WWW . . . ready now to transmit.

The door opened. Mary turned . . .



The two other men came in and carried off Mary's wounded body. The first man began to search through the filing cabinet.



He soon found what he was looking for.



At that moment, in the London offices of the British Secret Service . . .

This is the Foreman of Signals, sir. Jamaica's broken off contact in the middle of transmission--and it's not a technical failure.



Several hours later, James Bond, otherwise known as Secret Agent 007, stepped into the offices of the Secret Service.

Hi, Moneypenny.

James, where have you been? We've been scouring London for you.



So what's all the do about this evening?

Strangways. It looks serious. Oh, there's the light. In you go now.





SHOWCASE



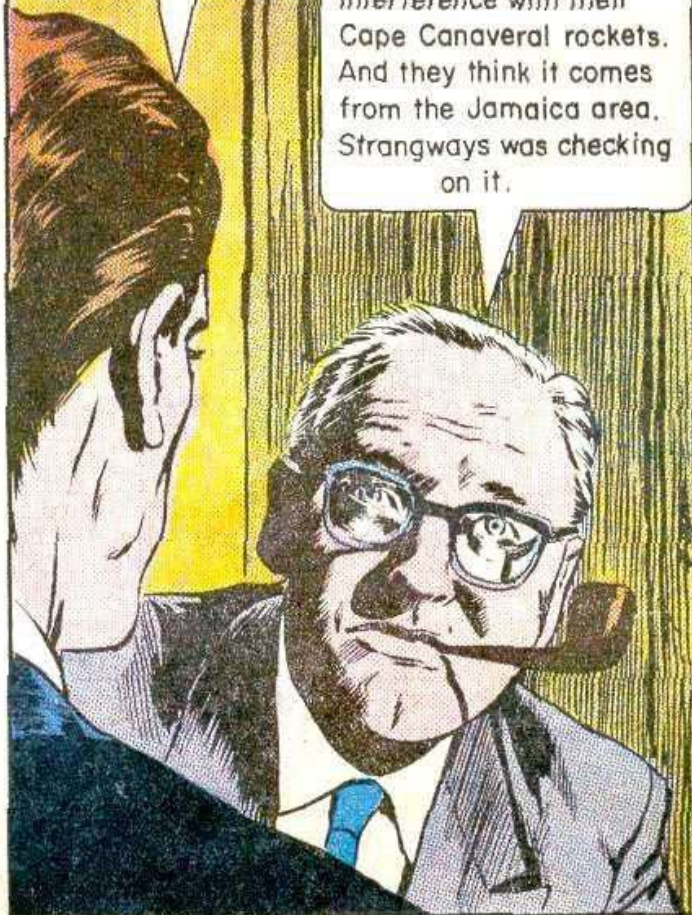
Bond went into the next room and stood before "M.," head of British Intelligence.

Good evening, sir.

Sit down. Jamaica went off the air tonight. Strangways has disappeared. So has his secretary.

Was Strangways on anything important?

The Americans have been complaining about massive interference with their Cape Canaveral rockets. And they think it comes from the Jamaica area. Strangways was checking on it.

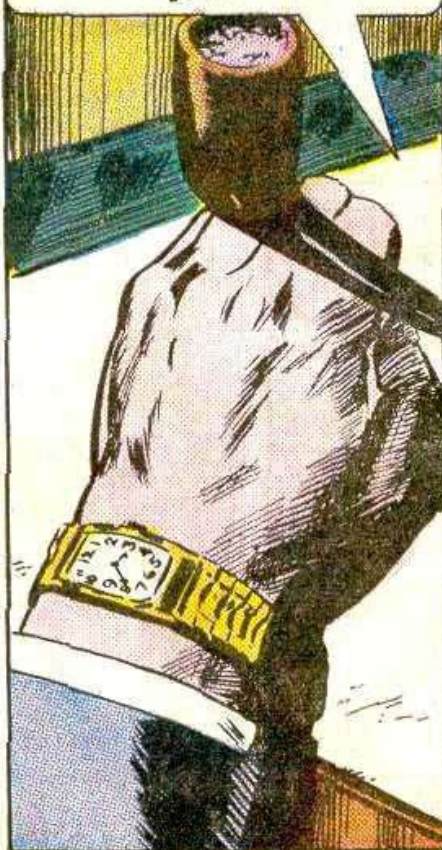


The Americans sent a C.I.A.* man down to work with him -- a fellow named Leiter.

Has he found anything?



You'd better ask him. You're booked on the seven o'clock for Kingston. Now take off your jacket and give me your gun.



M. called for Major Boothroyd, a weapons expert.

I thought so. This old Beretta! It jammed on your last job and you spent six months in the hospital.



* Central Intelligence Agency -- the American Secret Service

Bond was given a new gun.

A Walther PPK, with a delivery like a brick through a plate-glass window.

Any questions, 007?



No, sir.

All right then. Best of luck. And I'll take the Beretta.



A few hours later, Bond arrived at Kingston.

That girl is trying to photograph me. I wonder why?



Mr. Bond, sir? I'm Mr. Jones-- chauffeur from Government House. I've been sent to get you.

Well, that's fine, Mr. Jones. Just wait a moment while I check my reservations.



Bond went into a phone booth and dialed Government House.

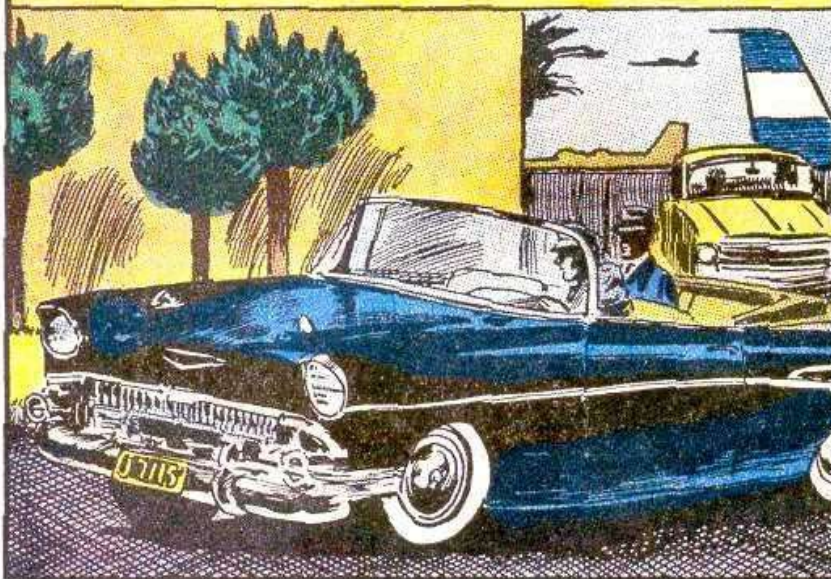
Hello, I'd like to speak with Mr. Pleydell-Smith, the Colonial Secretary . . . Mr. Pleydell-Smith? I'd like to meet you for a chat . . . one o'clock at your office is fine. By the way, did you send a car to meet me?



But Government House had sent no car. Bond hung up and returned to the chauffeur.



As Bond's car drove away, two men pulled away from the airport in close pursuit.



I think there's some fellow followin' us.

Try and lose him!

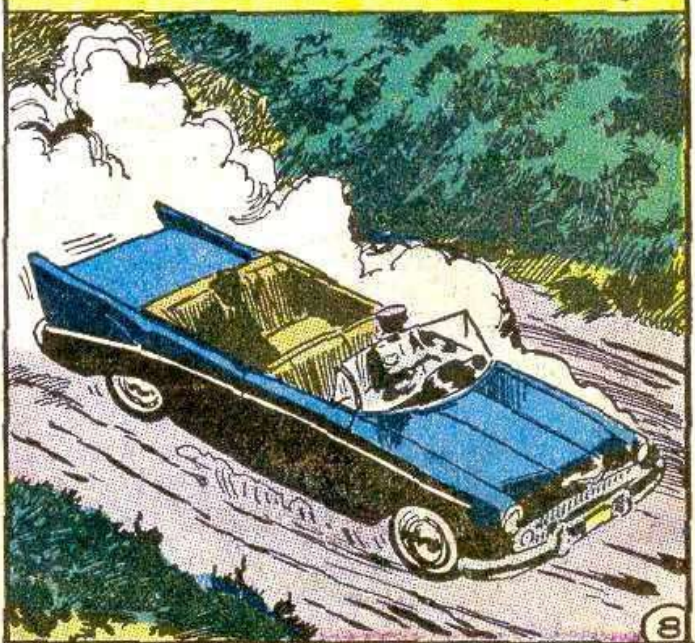


The chase went on for several miles.

Take the first turn to the left.



The chauffeur did so and the other car sped by.







All right, I'll talk. Le'me have a cig'rette.

Come on! I haven't got all day. Who's paying you, and what for?



The chauffeur took a cigarette from his pack and put it into his mouth. Then Bond heard the sound of crunching glass.

Hold it!

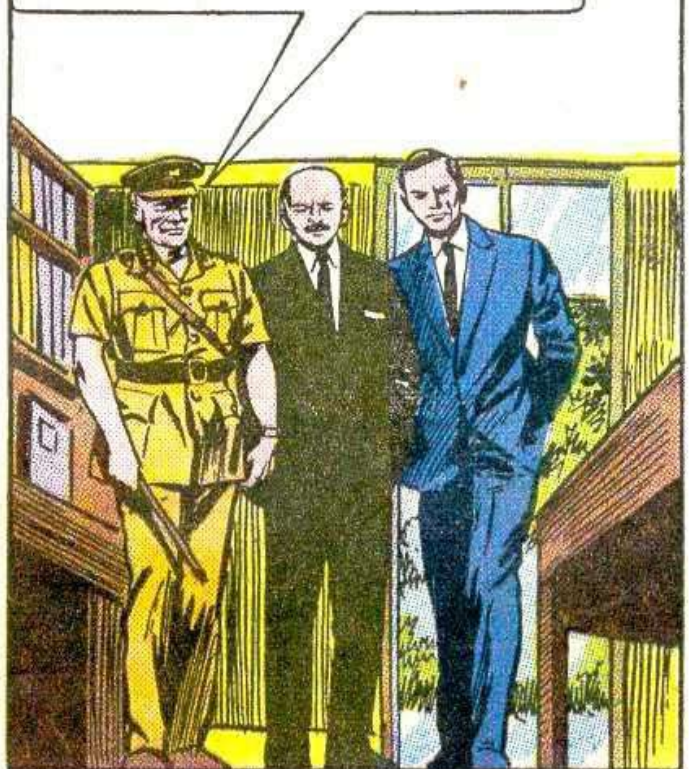


But Bond was too late. The man was dead.



Bond returned to Kingston and met with Pleydell-Smith and Duff, the Jamaican Police Commissioner. Duff took Bond out to Strangways' house.

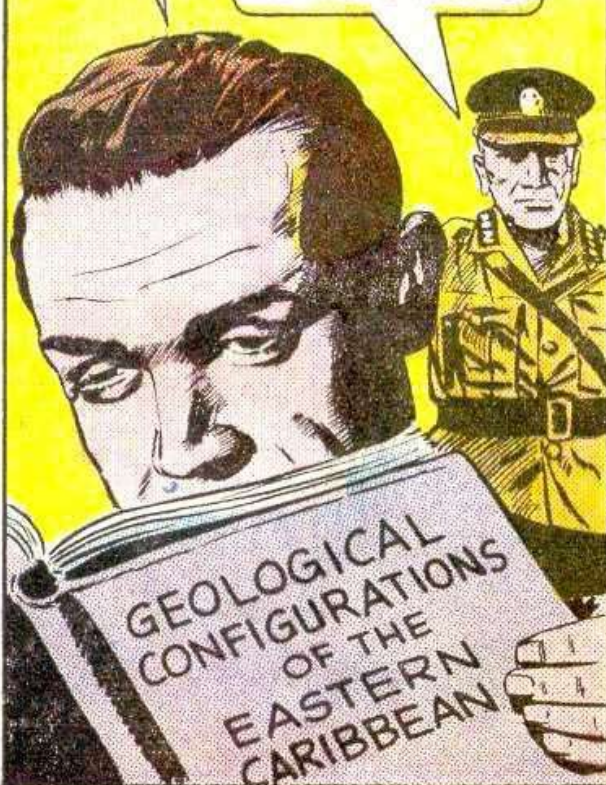
We've searched the place from floor to ceiling. The filing cabinet's been broken into.



The title of a book caught Bond's eye.

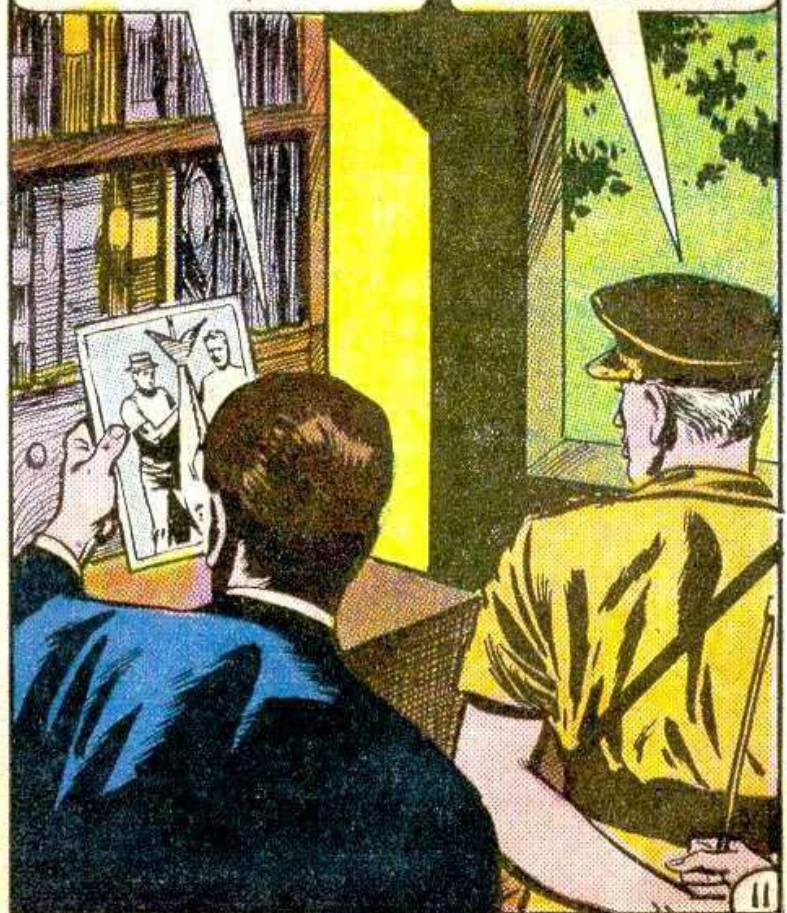
Was geology a hobby of Strangways ?

Not that I know of.



This man with Strangways -- he drove the car that tailed me from the airport.

He's one of the local fishermen. I'll have a check made on him.



Bond thought he might learn something from the last three men who had seen Strangways alive--Dent, Potter and Pleydell-Smith. That evening...

Extraordinary thing, old Strangways just vanishing like that. Or perhaps he ran off with that lovely secretary?

Was there any hint in his conversation about what might have happened to him?

I never heard him talk about anything but bridge and fishing. Fished with a man named Quarrel...



At the harbor, the next morning...

You Quarrel?

Might be, cap'n.



I'd like to rent your boat. I'm a friend of Commander Strangways.

Sorry, cap'n. She's not for hire.



Bond tailed Quarrel to a small restaurant. The fisherman agreed to talk to Bond-- in private.

Hey, man-- you see we get a little privacy.

Nothin' else but, Quarrel.



O.k., mister. Suppose you start the conversation?



Bond reached for his gun, but...

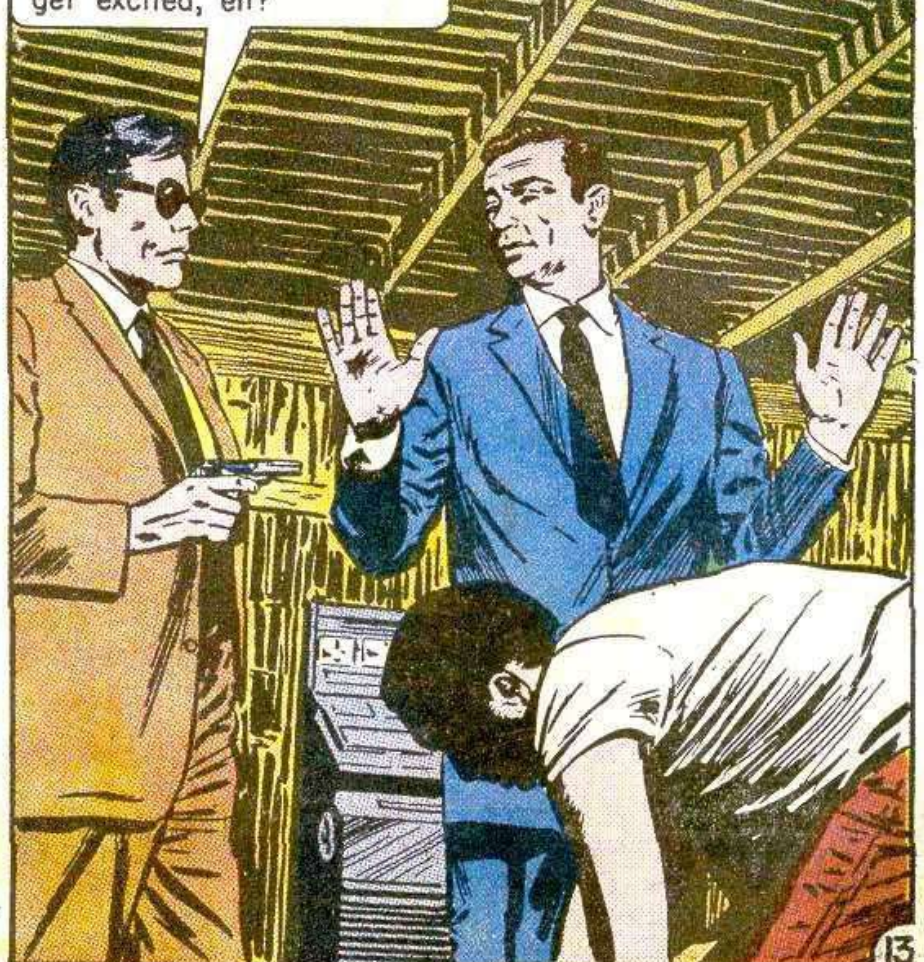
Ain't no use struggling! My pal wrassles alligators.



Get up slowly and face the wall.



Gently, bud, gently. Let's not get excited, eh?



Interesting. Where were you measured for this, bud?

My tailor-- in London.

That so? Mine's a guy in Washington. I'm Felix Leiter, C. I. A. You must be James Bond.

You mean we're fighting the same war?

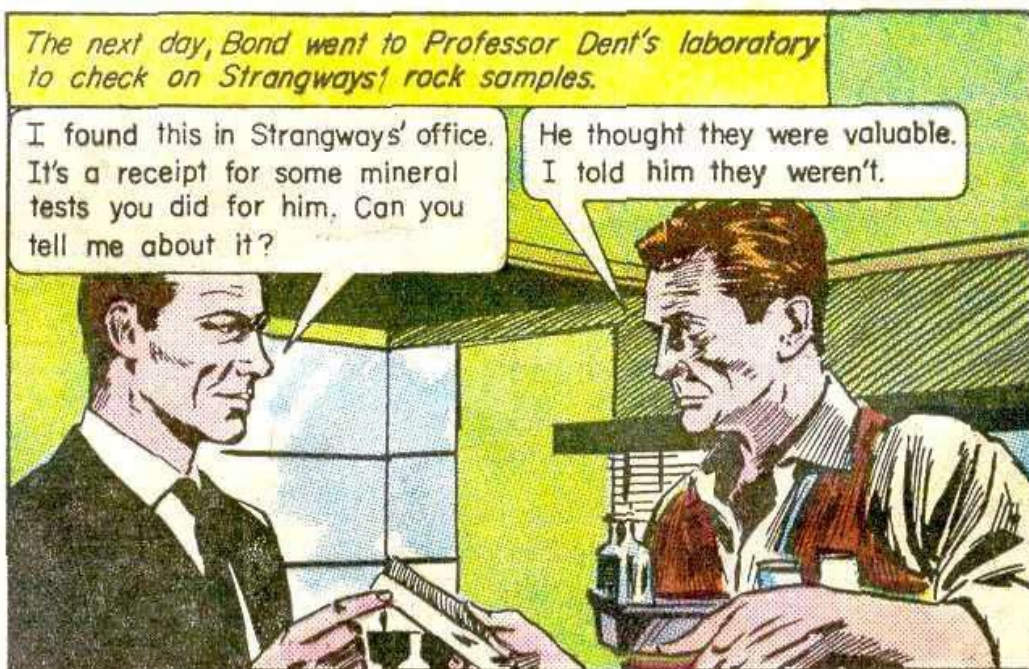
I spotted you at the airport, but when you drove off with that chauffeur I thought you were on the other side. That's Quarrel, one of my men.

Over dinner, the three men discussed the problem of guided missile interference.

Strangways and Quarrel checked the off-shore islands and found nothing.

Where did you look?

Jus' about most everywhere. Fire Island, Crab Key, Morgan's Reef. We didn't really check Crab Key-- had no right to go there.







Bond recognized it as a poisonous tarantula...



...and flipped it to the floor.



The next morning, Bond went to Pleydell-Smith's offices to get some more information on Crab Key and Doctor No.

Very sorry, sir, but we can't find the Crab Key files anywhere. Commander Strangways was the last to have them.



On the contrary, their disappearance confirms exactly what I wanted to know.



Bond suspected Pleydell-Smith's secretary, Miss Taro, of being a spy. To check on his hunch, he made a date with her for that afternoon.

Why don't you pick me up at my apartment? It's on the Port Royal road, in the mountains?

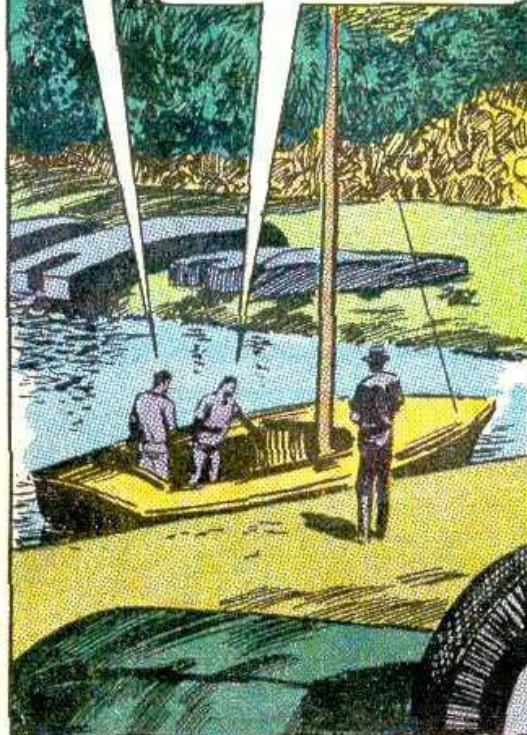
You talked me into it.



But first he went down to Quarrel's boat.

Where did you say Commander Strangways put the rocks from Crab Key?

Right about there, cap'n.



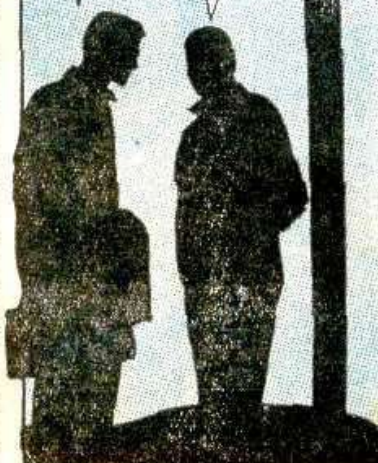
Look at the reading on this Geiger counter. These samples Strangways brought from Crab Key were radioactive. Yet Professor Dent told me they were worthless.

Then he's either a bad professor or a bad liar.



I intend to find out which. Quarrel, how soon can we get over to Crab Key?

Cap'n, I took the Commander there, and we got away without trouble. But...you see there's this dragon there and...



A what?

Just a native superstition. Probably started by Doctor No.

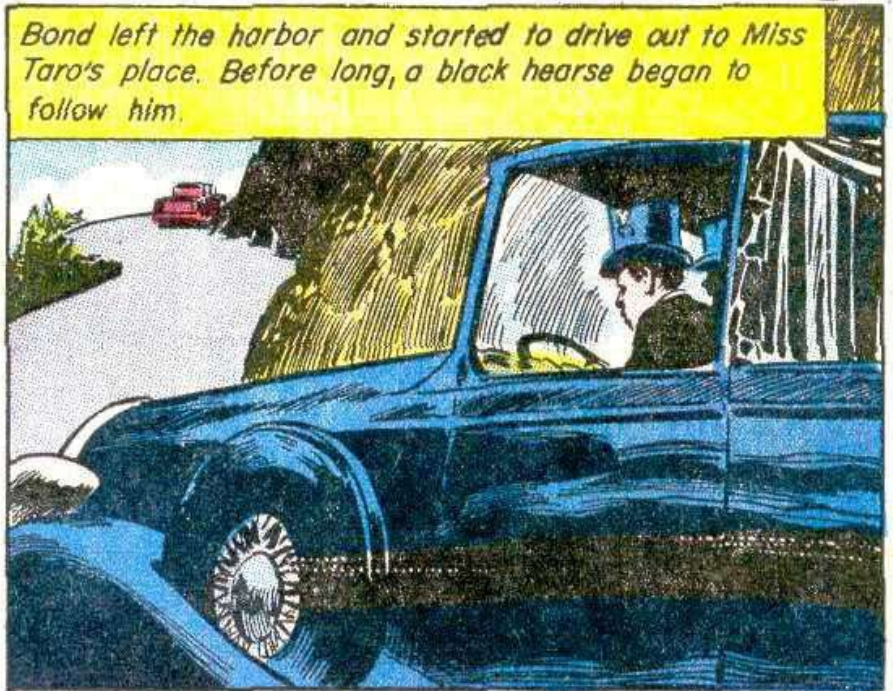


All right, cap'n. I'll meet you here, about seven.

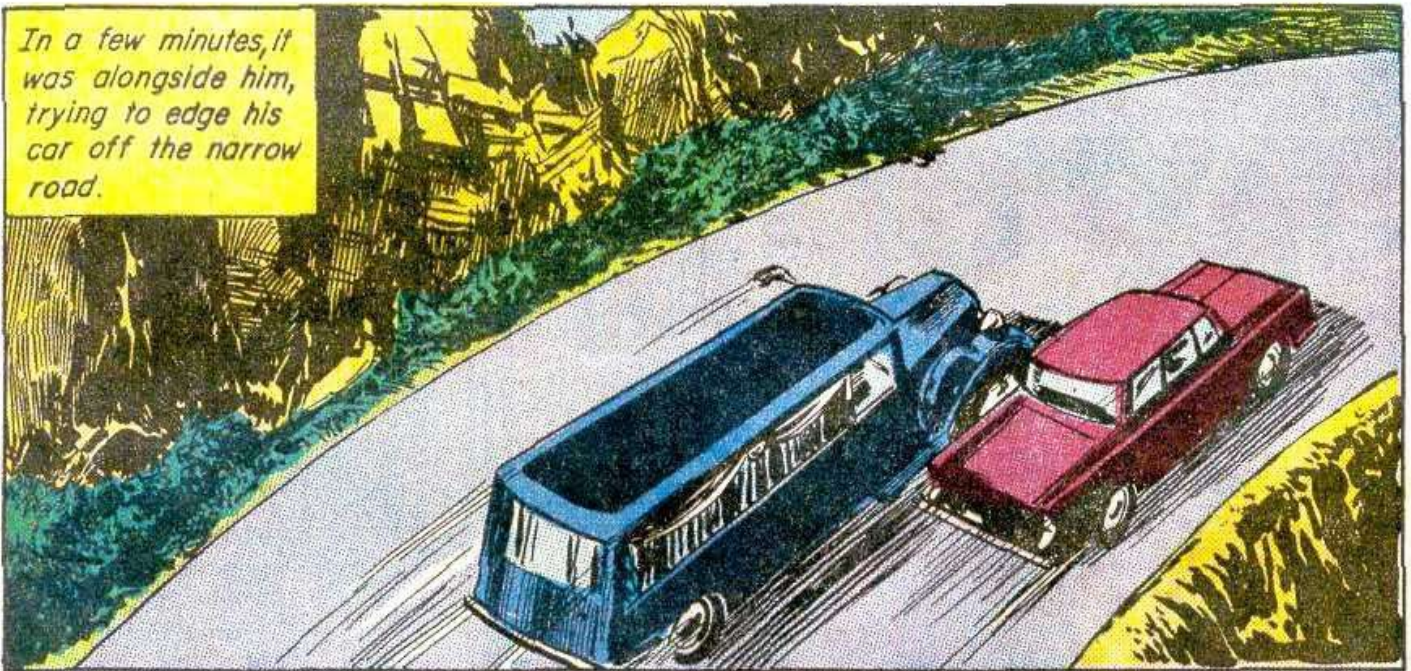
Thanks, Quarrel.



Bond left the harbor and started to drive out to Miss Taro's place. Before long, a black hearse began to follow him.



In a few minutes, it was alongside him, trying to edge his car off the narrow road.



Then the blade of a bulldozer appeared before the two speeding cars.



There was enough room for Bond's car, but the hearse had to swerve out too far, and...



Miss Taro was very surprised to see Bond alive.

Oh!

We had a date, remember?



Oh, of course. But...but...I didn't think you'd be here so soon.

Your phone is ringing. Better answer it.



Hello...yes...yes...he's here right now. I don't know what happened...all right, I'll keep him here.



Why don't you get dressed and we'll go someplace nice for dinner?

Oh, no! I'd rather stay here. I like to cook.



No argument! I'll just call a cab.



But when the "cab" arrived...

Book her, Commissioner. Nice quiet cell with a view.



Bond returned to the apartment. Before long...



Good evening, Dent. I thought you'd be along sooner or later.

The girl talked?



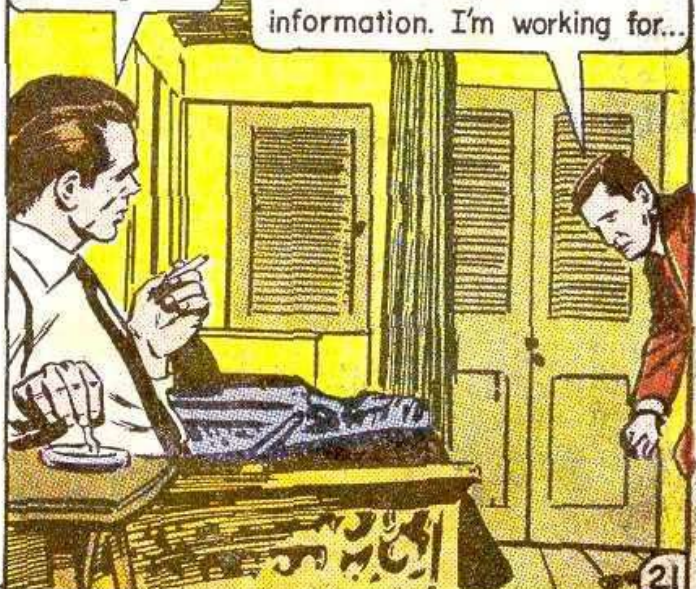
No. You gave yourself away when you said Strangways' radioactive samples were worthless. You killed him, didn't you?

He was killed-- never mind how.



Who are you working for?

I may as well tell you. You won't live to use the information. I'm working for...



Dent made a sudden lunge for his gun. Both men fired at the same time.



But Bond was a better shot, wounding him...



A few hours later, Bond and Quarrel were on their way to Crab Key.

Gettin' close now, cap'n.

Right. Better drop the sail in case their radar is scanning.



Now, cap'n, now!
Hard around!



They reached shore safely and hid the boat.

We'd better get some rest before it's light.



The next morning, Bond was awakened by the sound of a girl singing. When he went to investigate...

Who's that?

It's all right. I'm not supposed to be here either. What's your name?



Honey Ryder. Are you looking for shells, too?

No, just looking. Are those valuable?



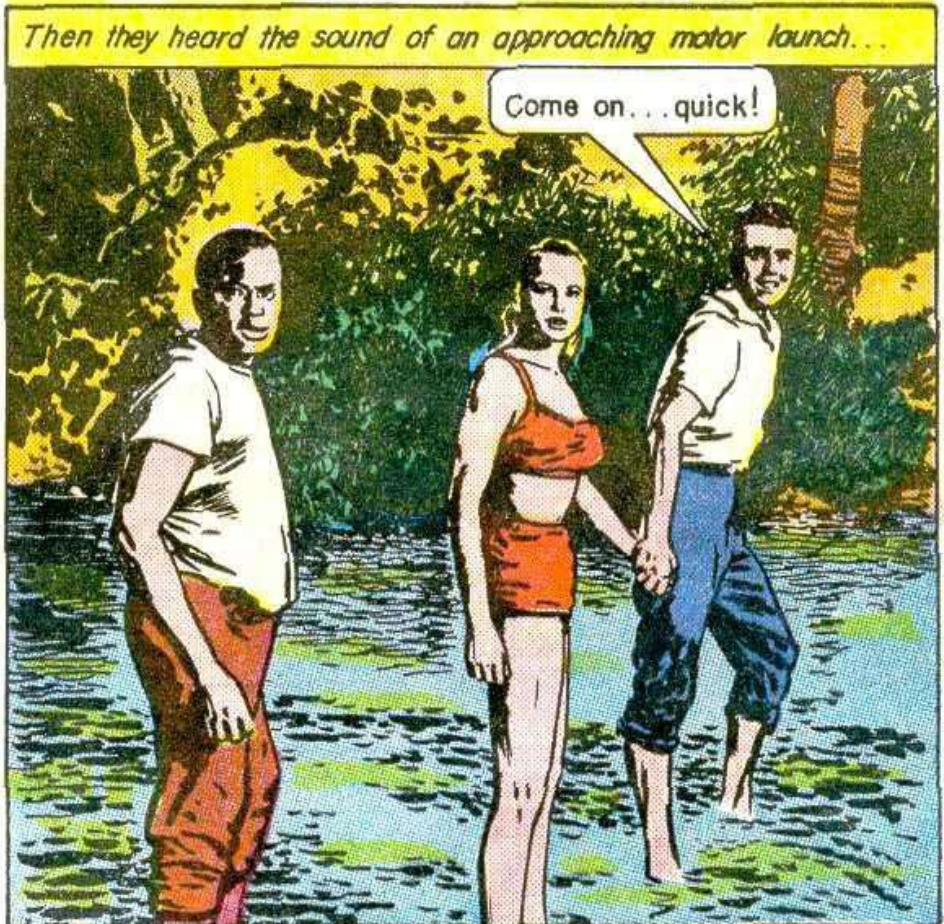
They're worth five dollars a piece in Miami. Promise you won't tell anyone?

I promise.



Then they heard the sound of an approaching motor launch...

Come on... quick!



We know you're there. We've been expecting you. Come out with your hands up.





Honey and Bond rested in a cave while Quarrel stood watch. Night fell. Then...



Cap'n! Cap'n, the dragon! It's comin' this way for sure!



A dragon that runs on diesel engines. Forget the spooks, Quarrel. When it comes within range, you take the driver and I'll aim for the headlights and tires.

But bullets were no use against the dragon's thick steel armor.



Quarrel shot out one of the dragon's headlights. The machine turned towards him and came closer. And closer...



Then...





That evening, they were brought into the dining room of Doctor No.

We must be two hundred feet below sea-level. What this must have cost!

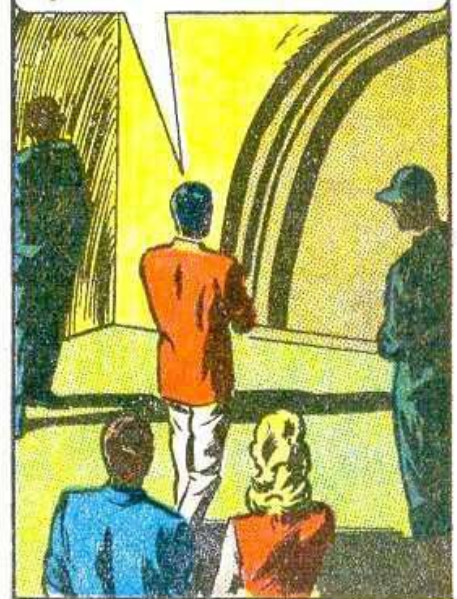


One million dollars, Mr. Bond. You were wondering what it cost?



I imagine all your guests do.

A unique feat. I designed it myself. But now to dinner.



After the meal...

Now the time has come for some serious conversation.

Then there's no point in the girl staying. She has nothing to do with me.



I agree. Take her away.

No! I'm staying with you!



I kept you alive for a special reason. You will send a radio message to your American friends, telling them this island is harmless. In six hours, the new American missile will be launched. I plan to destroy it and I want no interference.



I won't do it and it wouldn't save you anyhow. The authorities know about you. With or without my help, you won't stop that rocket.



They can do *nothing* against my jamming devices, because I am a genius and they are fools! I offered them my services once and they refused me. I lost my hands through my experiments, but I have become the greatest radiation power expert in the world!



Bond decided his best chance was to keep Doctor No angry. As he spoke, he slipped a small cigarette lighter into his palm.

You won't get away with it, you power-crazy maniac! Asylums are full of idiots like you who think they're Napoleon!



All right! I'll keep you alive-- alive to see the missile fall. Then you will die the hard way, Mr. Bond. Take him to the cells!



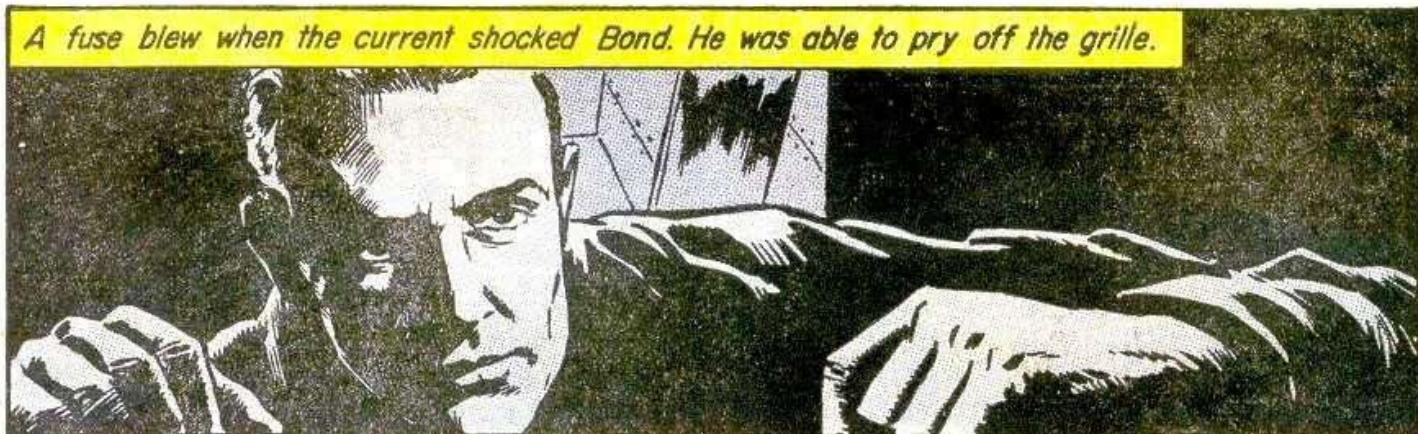
Bond was thrown into a small cell. The only way out was through a wire grille.



The grille was electrified.



A fuse blew when the current shocked Bond. He was able to pry off the grille.



At first, the shaft was straight up and down...



...then horizontal again, but...

Ow! It's blazing hot!
I'd better make rags
of my shirt and tie
them around my hands.



Bond moved along the red-hot shaft. Every step was painful.



Then...

Water!



The water passed over Bond and cooled the shaft. Bond then used the lighter to test the air currents.

If I follow the direction of the air current, it will lead me to another opening.



Finally...



The lockers contained decontamination suits. Bond slipped into one.

Now to locate Doctor No!



Meanwhile, Doctor No was preparing his equipment.

Are all the fuel elements canned, Chang?

Just two more to go.

Chang walked into the room where Bond was hiding and...



Bond took Chang's place near the dial which controlled the fuel feed to the atomic reactor. Doctor No was making the final test.

Fuel elements? Fuel elements! Where is Chang?

No dreaming today, Chang. Elements go in too far, we all fry.



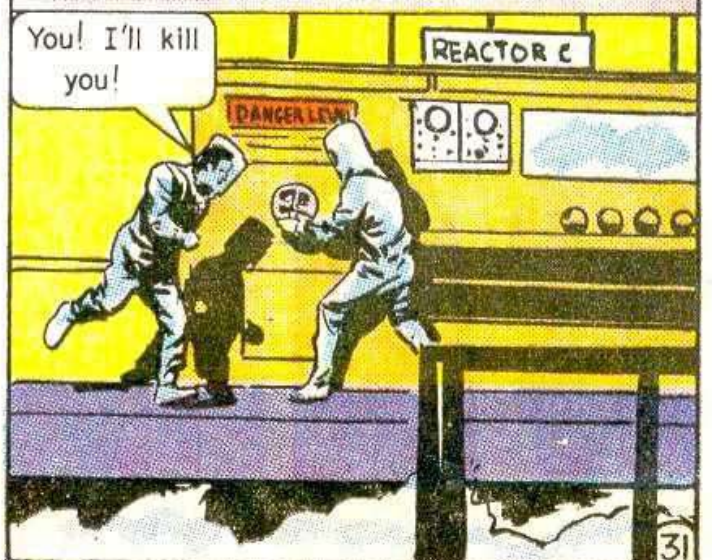
The rocket was about to blast off from Cape Canaveral, Doctor No gave the order to run the reactors up to full power. Bond began to crank the wheel.

Fifteen, twenty, twenty-two, twenty-five, twenty-seven...

Radiation 865! It's past the danger level! It's going wild!

At Canaveral, the rocket was launched safely. Doctor No rushed over to where Bond was standing.

You! I'll kill you!



No attack, but in the fight Bond pushed him against the control board. The Doctor's hand touched an electrical contact, and...



The whole of Crab Key was in panic. Bond dashed through the crowd to the reception center.

Where is she?
The girl?

The room... the same
one... I swear.



Bond made Sister Lily
open the door.



He grabbed Honey and ran for
the beach. They found a
small boat.



Later, on the open sea...

Well, we're out of gas. We can
either swim or wait until they
pick us up!



THE END

THE MAN BEHIND THE TYPEWRITER

"JAMES Bond" is already a literary legend. A fictional British Secret Service agent, both rough and suave, tough and sophisticated! He is a symphony in contrasts, a study in opposites. He can be in a deadly brawl with sinister villains in the early part of the evening, and later order a gourmet's dinner, to be served on English Bone China.

He may rub shoulders with the lowest elements of the underworld, and speak their language. Yet he is equally at home in a castle.

James Bond may wear an ordinary shoulder holster, but cradled in it is no ordinary weapon. Only a sharp-shooting Beretta .25 will do this fictional hero!

In fact, everything about James Bond is distinctive. For breakfast, he eats a single egg in a dark blue egg cup with a gold ring around the top—and the egg is boiled for exactly three and a third minutes, not a second more or less! For the rest: two slices of whole-wheat toast, a large pat of deep yellow Jersey butter (no other kind will do!), and three specific brands of jam, honey, and marmalade.

James Bond's knowledge is overwhelming. He is an expert on any subject, from automobiles to zoology. He has been everywhere, seen everything—and has forgotten nothing!

How much of the above description of the fictional James Bond also applies to his creator, Ian Fleming, is a matter of speculation. Not that anyone has ever suggested that James Bond's adventures comprise Ian Fleming's autobiography. But there *are* interesting similarities, particularly Fleming's career as a British naval intelligence officer. How many of Ian Fleming's actual experiences in the service have been incorporated into the adventures of James Bond, no one can say—and Author Fleming isn't telling.

Ian Fleming's parentage is Scottish. His father, Major Valentine Fleming, D.S.O., was killed during World War I while serving in Winston Churchill's Oxfordshire Hussars Regiment. At the time of his death, Churchill himself wrote the obituary in the "London Times."

Fleming went to school at Sandhurst—the English West Point—while his brother was preparing at Oxford for a writing career. The future creator of James Bond passed his final exams, and awaited assignment to the Black Watch, an army unit with a commando-like tradition. But when Fleming learned that the unit was going to be completely mechanized in the near future, he felt that army life might be far different from what he had anticipated. So he decided to forego his commission, and enrolled in European universities for additional schooling.

After subsequent study at the universities of Munich and Geneva, Fleming joined the staff of Reuters, a news agency, and worked as a foreign correspondent in Berlin and Moscow before returning to London.

Back in England, he tried his hand as a stock broker, but he missed the glamor, excitement, and intrigue of foreign news reporting, and just before the outbreak of World War II, he persuaded the "London Times" to send him back to Moscow as a special correspondent.

At the end of the war, he was commissioned to take charge of organizing the foreign division of the "London Sunday Times." For 14 years, thereafter, he remained as foreign manager of this newspaper branch, taking two months off each winter to devote to writing in a small house he had built on the north shore of Jamaica, near Ocho Rios, called "Golden Eye."

Fleming's first novel dealing with the adventures of James Bond, "Casino Royal," was an instant success. Others followed in swift succession. The fictional British Secret Service agent battered his way through 10 best-sellers, among them "Goldfinger," "Diamonds Are Forever," the sensational "Doctor No," "Moonraker," "For Your Eyes Only," "Live and Let Die," and his most recent "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Like James Bond, Ian Fleming's favorite recreation is spear-fishing in quest of the dangerous barracuda and other large game fish, and high-powered automobiles.

For the
BEST



SUPERMAN



BATMAN



FLASH

in **COMICS**
ENTERTAINMENT



GREEN
LANTERN



AQUAMAN



BOB HOPE



JERRY LEWIS



FOX and CROW



LOIS
LANE



JIMMY
OLSEN

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SUGAR 'N SPIKE

